PS635
Z9W255

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

PS 635
.Z9
W255
Copy 1

A CHANCE AT MIDNIGHT

A DRAMATIC EPISODE
IN ONE ACT

BY

CHARLES STUART

DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS
18 Ann Street, New York

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	F
CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours	8
GERTRUDE MASON, M.D. 1 Act; 30 minutes	7
CHEERFUL COMPANION. 1 Act; 25 minutes	2
LESSON IN ELEGANCE. 1 Act; 30 minutes	4
MAIDENS ALL FORLORN. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours	6
MURDER WILL OUT. 1 Act; 30 minutes	6
ROMANCE OF PHYLLIS. 3 Acts; 1¼ hours	4
SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS. 1 Act; 45 minutes	5
OUTWITTED. 1 Act; 20 minutes	3
WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA. 2 Acts; 45 minutes	4
SWEET FAMILY. 1 Act; 1 hour	8
BELLES OF BLACKVILLE. 1 Act; 2 hours	30
PRINCESS KIKU. (25 cents)	13
RAINBOW KIMONA. (25 cents.) 2 Acts; 1½ hours	9
MERRY OLD MAIDS. (25 cents.) Motion Song	11

PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	M
APRIL FOOLS. 1 Act; 30 minutes	3
BYRD AND HURD. 1 Act; 40 minutes	6
DARKEY WOOD DEALER. 1 Act; 20 minutes	3
WANTED, A MAHATMA. 1 Act; 30 minutes	4
HOLY TERROR. 1 Act; 30 minutes	4
MANAGER'S TRIALS. 1 Act; 1 hour	9
MEDICA. 1 Act; 35 minutes	7
NIGGER NIGHT SCHOOL. 1 Act; 30 minutes	6
SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO. 1 Act; 30 minutes	5
WANTED. A CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. 1 Act; 30 minutes	6
SNOBSON'S STAG PARTY. 1 Act; 1 hour	12
PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes	6
HARVEST STORM. 1 Act; 40 minutes	10
CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

A CHANCE AT MIDNIGHT

A Dramatic Episode in One Act

By CHARLES STUART

Author of "Dolly's Double," "John's Emmy," etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY DICK & FITZGERALD

NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

PS635
.Z9 W255

TMP92-007559

©CLD 30401

2001.

NOTE.—The professional acting rights of this sketch are expressly reserved by the publishers, to whom theatrical managers who wish to produce it should apply. Amateur representation may be made without such application and without charge.

A CHANCE AT MIDNIGHT

CHARACTERS

BURGLAR .....
SCOUNDREL .....
WOMAN .....
CHILD .....

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Twenty-five minutes.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

THE BURGLAR.—Age about 35. Stout, sallow complexion, close cut hair, slightly gray. Rough, cheap, dark clothes; soft felt hat.

THE SCOUNDREL.—Age about 30. Slim, dark complexion, black moustache, gray hair at temples. Full evening dress, opera coat with cape, hat, and gloves.

THE WOMAN.—Age about 35. Slim, youthful appearance, light complexion. Full evening dress, light lace shawl over shoulders at first entrance.

THE CHILD.—Age 3 to 5. Small, with long blonde curls; night gown or pajamas.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Pistol and dark lantern for BURGLAR. Package of letters for SCOUNDREL. Leather wallet and bundle of papers

in safe, also jewel case. Decanter, handkerchief and curtain cord.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R., means right hand; L., left hand; C., the center of stage. DOWN, means towards front of stage and UP, towards rear.

A
CHANCE AT MIDNIGHT

SCENE.—*Library of a mansion at Irvington-on-the-Hudson at midnight. Practical French window in back. Door* L. DOWN *stage. Door with curtains* R. UP *stage. Open fire-place* R. DOWN *stage with table and two chairs in front. Safe against wall* L. UP *stage with chair in front of it. Decanter on table. Distant sound of church clock striking 12—slight pause—then the gleam of a dark lantern is seen on the outside of French window, then slight scraping noise, and windows are gently forced open.* ENTER BURGLAR *who leaves the window partially open, allowing a ray of moonlight to light up the room, lets the rays of his dark lantern flash about the room.*

BURGLAR. Hum, this sure is a snug crib. Didn't think I'd find anything so easy as this so near my recent home a few miles up the river. (*Gazes all about the room, locating doors, etc. Goes to* D. L.) That leads to the hall O. K. (*Goes to* D. R.) And that to the parlor; good. (*Goes* DOWN *stage to fire-place*) That fire looks good. (*Sets lantern on table*) Feels good too. It's no joke laying out there in the wet grass waiting for the swell guys to get through feeding their faces and chewing the rag. (*Discovers decanter on table*) Well, see who is here—a little drop of this will be good for what ails me. (*Helps himself to drink and sits before fire*) My late residence was never like this. (*Drinks*) Yum, yum, that's good booze. These rich blokes certainly know what's what—but Dick, my boy, you have got work to do, so get on the job. (*Takes up lantern, makes another trip about and discovers safe*) Ah, there you are, eh, well, I'll soon have you open, my beauty. (*Kneels*

before safe, tries it, doors swing open) Well, I'll be d—— that was easy—maybe there is nothing in it though. (*Examines the inside*) O Gee, nothing but a lot of kindlings for the fire. (*Brings out a lot of papers, then tries again*) Now what is this—looks like a jewel case—(*Goes* DOWN *to table with case in hand, opens it, then long low whistle*) diamonds, a whole bunch of them. Dick, old pal, you are sure in soft. What a cinch this has been—me for a quick get away—these will hold me for a while—no need to look further. (*Closes case and puts it in pocket*) Now for a trip to New York, soak the swag—then a new outfit, kicks, lid and all—then to hit the high places—the lobster palaces and white lights of dear old Broadway. (*Replaces papers in safe and locks it. Starts for window, then suddenly*) D—— it, there is someone out there and they are coming in. (*Looks hurriedly about, closes lantern, draws pistol and darts behind curtains over* D. R.)

ENTER SCOUNDREL, *from window.*

SCOUNDREL. She at least kept her word in regard to leaving the window open. (*Goes to table, removing gloves, helps himself to a drink*) I wonder where the charming Mrs. Wallace is? Hope she don't keep me waiting long. It would be rather difficult to explain my presence here at this time of night.

ENTER WOMAN, D. L. *closes door, stands leaning against it.*

SCOUNDREL. So, you are here, eh?

WOMAN. Yes, have you got the letters?

SCOUNDREL (*draws package of letters from pocket. She reaches for them*). Not quite so fast, we'll exchange, there is a little matter of $5,000.

WOMAN. I haven't got it, and can't get it.

SCOUNDREL. Is that so? Well, that is your affair, not mine. I never do anything for anybody for nothing. I've told you my terms; if you can't meet them, I'll seek a market for my wares elsewhere.

WOMAN. But I've told you I haven't got that amount of money or anywhere near that amount, and can't raise it.

SCOUNDREL. Indeed, how about the famous Wallace diamonds? They are worth at least that amount, unless reports lie. I'll take them instead of the cash.

WOMAN. No, no, that is impossible. They were his mother's and besides, he would suspect.

SCOUNDREL. Better to be suspected of being a thief than known as an adventuress.

WOMAN. You cur!

SCOUNDREL. We will not call each other names, my dear. It is a case of the kettle calling the pot black, and we gain nothing by it. I will have the money or the jewels now, or by morning you will be hunting another home, my fine lady.

WOMAN. Heaven help me! What shall I do! (*Goes to safe and tries to open it.* SCOUNDREL *follows and stands close behind her. She is still trying to open the safe*) It—it's locked!

SCOUNDREL. Indeed! Did you expect to find it otherwise?

WOMAN. I left it unlocked.

SCOUNDREL. Then unlock it again.

WOMAN. I can't, I do not know the combination.

SCOUNDREL. How the devil did you open it before?

WOMAN. My husband opened it to get the jewels. I wore them to-night and put them back only an hour ago.

SCOUNDREL. Hell—I don't believe you. You are lying, you women are all liars, or crooked. You never meant to give them up.

WOMAN. I did, I swear I did. I'd do anything to get rid of you for once and all.

SCOUNDREL. Well, you know what it means to you. Either I get the money or the jewels to-night, or the Hon. Hugh Wallace will learn in the morning that he has married a woman with a past.

WOMAN. Oh give me just a little time. I'll pay you your price. The jewels are in there, I put them there, but it's locked.

SCOUNDREL. I won't give you another d—— day. I

don't believe your story, it's a—a fake—a ruse to gain time. (*Goes to safe, tries it*) D—— you, you have been playing with me. I want those stones or the money now (*Goes up to her*) Do you understand? Now!

WOMAN (*gets between him and the safe, facing him, his back to* D. L.). Wait, wait, wait, you have got to give me time. I can't imagine how the safe got locked again.

SCOUNDREL. I won't wait. I'll go to him at once. (*Starts toward* D. L.)

WOMAN (*grabs him by the arm and turns him around so he stands with his back toward* D. R.). No, no, you must, you have got to give me time. (*Suddenly*) Someone must have come in after I put the diamonds away. (*Stares at him intently*) It was you—you were here when I came in—you took the diamonds and locked the safe again.

SCOUNDREL (*tries to shake her off*). Cut that out, you fool, I only just got here.

WOMAN (*backs him towards door*). You are the liar, you are the thief! Give me those letters, they are mine now, you have paid yourself for them.

SCOUNDREL. You are crazy! Let go—don't wake up the whole house.

WOMAN (*still holds on to him and tries to get the letters from his pocket*). I won't let go. Give me those letters.

SCOUNDREL (*steps back, still trying to shake her grip off, raises his hand as though to strike her*). Be quiet, you little fool. I haven't got the diamonds and you can't have the letters.

BURGLAR (*behind curtain, reaches out and strikes the* SCOUNDREL *with his pistol, the latter staggers around and falls full length in front of chair in front of safe. He gags him with his handerkchief and ties his hands with a curtain cord. The* WOMAN *goes to chair* R. *of table and sits with head on arms on table*). There, I guess that crack on the noodle will hold him for a while. (*Turns* SCOUNDREL *over and takes letters from his pocket and puts them in his own. The* WOMAN *rushes to the* SCOUNDREL *also and tries to get the letters.* BURGLAR *pushes her aside*) Not so fast, they seem to be worth a good deal to him and they are worth as much to me.

WOMAN. You took the diamonds.

BURGLAR. Sure thing, I need them to go to a reception.

WOMAN. But you will give me the letters?

BURGLAR. Not so you can notice it. They look like easy money to me. (WOMAN *sinks in chair* R. *of table.* BURGLAR *starts toward window. Door knob rattles at* R. D. *Draws pistol and drops behind chair in front of safe ready to shoot. The* CHILD ENTERS D. R. *rubbing his eyes and goes to the* WOMAN *who takes him up and fondles him*) Gee, a kid, and I came near plugging it with this. (*Goes to* WOMAN) Is it yours? (WOMAN *nods her head*) How old?

WOMAN. Five.

BURGLAR. How in —— did you get mixed up with that dog? (WOMAN *shakes her head sadly*) Won't tell, eh? Well, all right, I am going now, but before I go I am going to call the police, then skidoo before the cyclone strikes us and let him get pinched for this trick. (*Starts toward window*)

WOMAN (*rises, puts child in chair* L. *of table*). One minute—do you war on women too?

BURGLAR. I am from Missouri, you can't steer me with your soft talk. I don't know anything about any war, but I've got to look out for myself and I mean to get even with that snake first.

WOMAN. You know him?

BURGLAR. Know him? Well, I should say I did. The coward, liar, blackmailer, procurer, didn't he put me away with his lies—didn't he steal the girl away from me.

WOMAN. Were you married?

BURGLAR. Sure I was—and honest and happy, until he came around and filled her head full of stuff. I caught him at it and beat him up—then he put up a job on me and had me pinched, and with his lies had me railroaded up the river for five years. She is dead now. He deserted her after I was put away, she died like a dog from starvation and I couldn't help her, and he wouldn't, but d—— him, I'll be even with him now.

WOMAN. And how about me?

BURGLAR. Oh I guess you are no good, or you wouldn't be thick with a mut like him.

WOMAN. Can't you understand what those letters mean to me—he has kept them hanging over my head for years.

BURGLAR. What are they?

WOMAN. Letters I wrote him when I thought he was worth while, when he lied and promised.

BURGLAR. Since you have been married?

WOMAN. No, before. When I was young and foolish and believed men were not wolves. When I thought there was good in the world and believed there was a chance for a woman whose foot had slipped—once.

BURGLAR (*dramatically*). Chance! H——, there ain't no chance in this world. There is guys that preaches it, but they ain't got it right, there ain't no such thing. A guy that goes wrong has no more show of a chance to do better than a Chinaman has of being President. He has just got to go on getting worse. If he gets a job the cop gets on to him and has him fired—drives him from his job—I guess it's the same with women. Neither of them has any more chance than a snowball in h——.

WOMAN. Then why do you take my little chance away from me—and him? (*Points to the* CHILD) Why drive us away from our jobs?

BURGLAR. Does your boss know?

WOMAN. If he knew, do you suppose I would have gone to such lengths to keep him (*Points to* SCOUNDREL) quiet? There has been harm enough done. Why should my husband be made to suffer too?

BURGLAR. There is a h—— of a lot of us that way. What we don't know don't bother us. (*Goes right and gazes into fire*) How long has that sucker been bleeding you?

WOMAN. For years. I've paid for his silence lately for the boy's sake. He has a right to his life without shouldering my mistakes. Think what it means to him.

BURGLAR (*stands at back of chair in which the* CHILD *is sitting*). Are you on the level now?

WOMAN. As God is my judge.

BURGLAR. You ain't never going to let that foot slip again?

WOMAN. Never.

BURGLAR. That is what they all say. But I guess

you and the kid will get your chance. (*Takes letters from his pocket and drops them into the fire*)

WOMAN (*looks at him a minute, then offers her hand*). Thank you—you trusted me. (*Sits* R. *of table and buries her head in arms, crying*)

BURGLAR. Dat's all right, forget it. Cut out that soft stuff and don't turn on water works. Just keep them feet from slipping; stay on the level. It's the only thing that pays—there ain't nothing in that other stuff take it from me, and I ought to know. (*Goes to chair* L. *of table*) You don't know a thing about all this talk feast, do you kid, and it ain't right for you to know. All you got to know is that the little mother is the best ever and you stick to her, kid. Keep her from letting them feet slip, she is all right and so are you—and now we are going—me and that skunk over there. We are a swell pair, fine company for a little kid like you—me a burglar—and him—well he is everything from a lizard up. (*Crosses to* SCOUNDREL *pulls him to his feet and sets him in chair in front of safe*) We are through here, you and me. Your dinky little proofs are gone—you ain't never comin' back here to bother that kid's mother no more—me and you is going to a little squaring of accounts on the outside with these. (*Holds up his fists*) But I just got to tell you a few things right now. You are the limit, you are—I am rotten, but I don't class with you no how. I never stole no other man's wife and I never lied a man to jail, and thank God I never lived off the money I took from a woman. (*Pulls him up from chair, unties his hands and gag*) Come, get out of my sight before I spoil your face, you miserable little schrimp, you ten-cent chromo of a man. (*Kicks him out of French window, then comes down stage to child in chair*) Say kid, maybe somebody will stake me to a job. (*Takes jewel case from his pocket and drops it in the child's lap*) and I am going to stake you. (*Turns and* EXITS, *just before closing window.*) Good-night.

WOMAN. (*Rises and takes* CHILD *in her arms and starts toward* D. R.)

SLOW CURTAIN

NEW PLAYS

ROYAL CINCH, A. 25 cents. A farce comedy in 3 acts, by FRANK H. BERNARD. 2 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior, 1 exterior scene. Time, 1½ hours. A fantastic comedy, simple in plot, but cunningly contrived and cumulative in its development. The darkey waiter and the pert housemaid are surpassingly comical parts.

HOOSIER SCHOOL, The. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1 act, by WILLIAM and JOSEPHINE GILES. 5 males, 5 females, 4 of whom can be boys and 4 girls. 1 interior scene. Time, about 30 minutes. A realistic picture of a district school in a small Western village. The rough and ready teacher and his tricky scholars keep the audience in a roar. The teacher is finally squelched by the irate mother of one of his pupils. The piece is cleverly worked out and full of funny incidents.

SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING, The. 15 cents. An old ladies' sociable, by MAUDE L. HALL. 6 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, 35 minutes. A characteristic entertainment in which, among other interesting incidents, each of the old ladies gives her reasons for thankfulness. An all star study of character with an unusual send off.

DOLLY'S DOUBLE. 15 cents. A musical vaudeville sketch in 1 act, by CHARLES STUART. 1 male and 1 female character assuming two parts. 1 interior scene. Time, 20 minutes. An exceedingly humorous conception, bright, catchy and original, leading through several stages to a clever climax.

JOHN'S EMMY. 15 cents. A vaudeville sketch in one act, by CHARLES STUART. 1 male, 1 female character. 1 interior scene. Time, about 20 minutes. A methodical old bookworm awaits a young girl who is to be his ward. An entirely different girl arrives, who summarily subjugates him. The action is rapid, crisp, and full of comicalities. A capital character study for both performers.

TOM COBB; or Fortune's Toy. 15 cents. Farcical comedy in 3 acts, by W. S. GILBERT. 6 male, 4 female characters. Time, 1½ hours. Modern costumes. *Tom Cobb*, at the instigation of his friend, *Whipple*, pretends to be dead in order to escape his creditors. He makes a will and leaves everything to *Matilda*, daughter of *Col. O'Fipp*, in whose house he has been lodging. *Tom* is unexpectedly left a fortune, which is taken possession of by the *Colonel*, and *Tom* has great difficulty in recovering it.

DELEGATES FROM DENVER, The. 25 cents. A farcical comedy in 2 acts, by SAMUEL N. CLARK. 3 male, 10 female characters. 2 interior scenes. Time, 45 minutes. *Margaret* is a candidate for president of the Eta Pi Sorority which meets at Boston. *John* has proposed to her, but she defers her answer, as she purposes if elected to devote her whole time to the Sorority. Two delegates from Denver decline to attend; *John* and *Edward* plan to represent them and vote against *Margaret*, and also to prevent her from going to Boston. Their plan partially succeeds, but it ends in discovery, explanations, and *Margaret's* engagement to *John*, including some other pleasant *dénouements*. The action is absurdly farcical, and very much alive from start to finish.

RAINBOW KIMONA, The. 25 cents. A comedy for girls in 2 acts, by ELEANOR MAUD CRANE. 9 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, an hour and a half. The Rainbow Kimona is a club composed of seven of the Senior Class of Miss Penelope Wright's Collegiate School, each member wearing a Kimona representing one of the seven colors of the Rainbow. In a small apartment an entertainment is arranged in which each girl assumes a leading character in one of Shakespeare's plays, burlesqued in outrageously comical style. Incidentally, articles have been mysteriously missing from time to time. The purloiner is supposed to be a ghost, but eventually proves to be one of the girls walking in her sleep. The whole thing is a medley of the most attractive and amusing kind in its absurdities and originality of conception.

MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents)	11	8

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 793 107 6

COMEDIES AND I

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 793 107 6

Hollinger Corp.
pH 8.5